

## In the Eye of the Storm

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# **In the Eye of the Storm**

by [GeneralDarkPit](#), [MerchantAnna](#)

## Summary

Two years swiftly passed since the incident. Peace returned to Smashville yet little did anyone know, multiple groups of villains are working with one another in secret. When things began heating up, it is up to Dark Pit to save the world yet again.

[temporary summary until a better one comes to mind]

# Enter the Rising Sun

## Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: This entire story is a satirical piece (otherwise known as a parody) of every trollfic trope out there imaginable along with other things. All of the characters in this story are what would be considered as crack versions, meaning they will most likely be out of character, something very common in trollfiction. This story completely takes place in an alternative universe despite utilizing some elements from their respective games.

If you are someone who isn't fond of seeing their favorite characters done in a crack format, then this story is definitely not for you, otherwise you would most likely be biting yourself in the foot, so either speak now or forever hold your peace.

Expect inane usage of trollfic logic, lazy writing, recolor OCs and much more strange elements.

This story utilizes the use of soundtrack notes through text in order to grasp the scene. This is of course, optional but highly recommended. The songs can easily be found on Youtube and extended versions are best recommended.

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well oddly enough, i was going to withhold this sequel for much later but i decided to get the ball rolling and post the first chapter to start things off. while i plan on having another update of this sometime this month (if im not swamped with errands), please note that this fic will be updated at a much slower pace. i really want to work finishing one of my other works in the meantime.

so without further ado, i present to you, another parody utilizing more nonsense because why not.

and of course, the credit cover goes to roy. i plan on updating (and adjusting) tags as i progress (for those wondering about the captain n tag, i plan on poking fun at that show in this granted despite him being more original since he heavily strays away from whom he was originally based on, icarus is technically kid icarus so). so once again, welcome to hell everyone, population: why.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



*June 15<sup>th</sup>, 20XX 8:35pm -somewhere in Antarctica*

~ Horizon Zero Dawn – Infiltration plays ~

Men and women alike stormed through the corridors inside a peculiar facility located out in the middle of Antarctica. Their uniforms were the same color as the interior—white as the pristine snow which gently rested itself upon the earth’s southernmost continent. Not once did the employees falter in their tracks. Instead, they were eager to pursue their target before things grew awry.

A young girl dashed through the hallway, panting heavily as she swiftly turned towards the right. Not once did she glance back at her pursuers nor did she bother to stop. Her footsteps echoed throughout the vacant floor. She clutched onto a large Pokeball bag draped over her arm, holding onto its strap at all times.

“Where did she go?!” A man called out.

“I bet she went this way,” answered another.

Their vigorous footsteps echoed throughout the hallway, eventually fading away as the employees decided to check out the left side of the corridor. In response, a sigh of relief escaped the girl’s lips yet she knew it wasn’t over. It wasn’t going to end until they obtained what they were ordered to retrieve from her.

Without a second thought, she continued onward, running with all of her might. She skidded to an abrupt halt as she arrived on the elevator, turning around just to see several men and women alike dashing towards her. Luckily the elevator began moving upwards, providing her a brief moment of solitude. She took a moment to catch her breath. Her body was stiff, her heart pounding rapidly from the rush of adrenaline pumping throughout her veins. No matter how much she wanted to freeze, she knew she mustn’t falter so quickly.

A few seconds later, she arrived at the top floor of the facility which differed from the lifeless white walls floors below. The topmost floor was surrounded with vast plant life from a mixture of both tropical and forest regions. Various trees and bushes were scattered throughout the floor as a small stream ran through the manmade terrain. In addition, various flowers rested on top of the grass, adding onto the blooming greenery which served as a Pokemon sanctuary. It was strange how such place managed to exist in Antarctica yet now wasn’t the time to ponder such meaningless questions.

The girl glanced back and forth, her green eyes surveying her surroundings in search of grunts lurking in the shadows. Not once did she let her guard down—not in this false paradise. Her Pokeball gym bag was opened slightly. A pair of yellow eyes peered up at the girl as it rested inside the bag with unease, fearing for its own safety. It knew the girl didn’t pose a threat yet it was curious to where it was going and why she took it in the first place.

Catching no sight of grunts nearby, the girl continued on her journey, quickly trying to pin the best route to freedom. She slowly walked throughout the room, remaining silent to the best of her ability. The last thing the young girl needed was to draw unwanted attention towards her or the Pokemon she held within her bag.

Unfortunately the subtle moment of solitude dwindled down quickly as the girl paused for a slight moment. The sound of footsteps were heard not too far from her as one of the grunts chuckled behind her. One even pointed in her direction.

“There she is!”

“Let’s make sure she doesn’t get away this time!”

With those words, the pursuit for the girl continued on once more. With little to no time to act, the girl scurried off in the opposite direction in hopes of losing her pursuers. She skidded throughout the hallway with various sharp turns. It wasn't until two more employees showed up in front of her, causing the girl to come to an abrupt halt.

"No... please no." she muttered in disdain. Her firm grip on the bag tightened further as she swiftly bolted for the other way just to unfortunately arrive at a dead end.

She had pushed herself beyond her body's limit. Her arms, stomach and legs cramped, the pain throbbing throughout her entire body. No, she couldn't stop now. The guards slowly inched towards her, grinning in delight as there was no way for the girl to escape.

"Hehehe," the man began. Not once did the twisted grin plastered on his face fade away. "Just hand us over the bag and everything will be alright."

His appeasing tone sent a rapid chill down the girl's spine. Despite having no prior combat skills, there was no way she was going to give up. The young girl flinched and motioned the bag closer to her. In the spur of the moment, a strange blue light came out of the bag, startling both the girl and the employees.

"What the—!?"

The small light gradually grew brighter as various shades of blue lights swirled within it. The light enveloped the girl while azure and purple hues swirled around her, shielding her in a barrier. It was accompanied by an eerie hum, causing everyone present in the room to wince. The guards braced themselves, unsure of their own fates. Soon its luminous glow consumed the entire room while a strange wave of energy shot upwards towards the canopy of stars lighting the night sky and vanishing from sight.

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*Three months later...*

~ Pokémon Sun & Moon - Hau'oli Harbor plays ~

"We will be making out descent into Smashville Airport in approximately three minutes. Please fasten your seat belts, turn off your electronic devices and make sure your trays are clear and in an upright position. Please do not leave your seats until we are safely in the boarding zone. Thank you for flying Glory Airlines."

A young boy no older than the age of fourteen grabbed his cellphone and turned it off. He observed the other passengers, watching some put away the Sky Mall magazines back in their rightful place while others wrapped a piece of gum and placed it inside their mouths to prevent their ears from popping. He turned towards his right, coming face to face with an older woman who smiled at him.

"Are you excited to live in the states?" she asked gently. His lips slightly curled in response as he gave a slight nod.



“Y-yeah.” Truth be told, the boy was extremely nervous yet he masked his worry away with a smile. His hesitant response was a dead giveaway. The last thing he wanted was to have his mother fret over nothing.

The plane tilted slightly to the left and began a slow and steady descent. Down below, the ground looked like square plots on a huge map of some kind. Gradually, everything began to come into view. As they neared the ground, buildings of various sizes and shapes came into view alongside small cars heading down long highways of black ribbon. A sudden bump told the passengers the landing gear was released.

The boy felt his ear pops, causing him to wince for a slight moment. He opened his mouth in an attempt to release the pressure. More buildings whizzed by as the aircraft made its final turn onto the waiting runway, ending up with a mild rumbling as the tires kissed the tarmac. A loud rush of air giving pressure to the brakes surely brought the plane to a slower speed, culminating into the final phase of taxiing slowly but surely into the arrival gate.

Once the plane stopped, the captain’s voice blared throughout the intercom.

“Folks, we have safely arrived at our destination in Smashville airport. The current time is 12:15pm. Before departing the airplane, remember to grab all your belongings and carry-ons from the overhead compartment.” The captain repeated himself about three times as the passengers slowly began to get off their seats. The flight attendants smiled the entire time, thanking people for taking Glory Airlines.

The boy followed his mother as they both made their way towards baggage claim. He glanced around the airport, his grey eyes fixated on the décor. Its ceiling donned a beautiful display of artwork. He immediately recognized the spherical logo split by one horizontal line and one thicker vertical line towards the bottom left of the logo to be from Smash Brothers. He had heard of the various tournaments which took place in the city. As a matter of fact, Smashville was home to the famous Smash Mansion owned by the one and only Master Hand.

*“So—I’m definitely sure you’re all wondering who I am, correct? Well believe it or not, my name’s Sun. Yes, I’m not kidding. I don’t know what my mother was thinking when she named me to be honest. Needless to say, it’s embarrassing being named after the star that is the central body of the solar system. Well—it could have been much worse. I could have been named after a color but anyways, enough about that. For those wondering, I was born in the Kanto region in Japan yet spent most of my life in the Hawaiian island of Alola. It’s going to take a lot getting used to of the sudden shift of going on from living on a peaceful island to the rustling sounds of city life but I think I can manage it. Who knows what kind of adventures await for me here, not to mention the kind of Pokemon I’ll encounter—”*

“Sun, are you monologging to yourself again?” his mother questioned. She raised a brow and crossed her arms, staring at her son in bewilderment.

Sun chuckled slightly, scratching the back of his head. “No mom! Of course not! Who in their right mind would do that?! You’d have to be really stupid to do that.”

His mother stared at him for a few seconds more before grabbing their luggage from the belt conveyor. Sun grabbed the handlebar and followed his mother out the terminal. He took note of how diverse Smashville was compared to Alola when it came to various species. His jaw gaped slightly at the sight of seeing various Toads, Yoshis, and anthropomorphic creatures pass by without a care in the world. He couldn't help but find it fascinating.

Their Lyft driver arrived as Sun's mother placed their luggage in the back of the vehicle. Sun quickly took a seat inside the back of the car and stared at awe at the driver. The driver was none another than an anthropomorphic sea turtle. As his mother sat in the front seat, the sea turtle smiled. According to his Lyft profile, he was named Kapp'n.

"Accordin' t' me drop-off location, ye wants me t' drive o'er t' Westwood High afore lootin' ye t' yer ship, am I correct ma'am?" he asked. Kapp'n decided to double check with Sun's mother just in case she made a mistake. She nodded her head in response. Meanwhile, Sun groaned at the thought of immediately starting classes' midday after their arrival. He figured his mother didn't want him getting in the way of the movers so she insisted that he mustn't fall behind in his studies. With those words, Kapp'n began driving. He rambled off about his life of sea and even inquired about their former whereabouts. Sun quickly caught onto how he spoke in stereotypical pirate tones and even started singing one of his many old sea shanties.

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~ Yoshi's Woolly World - Sponge Cave Spelunking plays ~

While Kapp'n continued to entertain Sun's mother and even shared her some exciting tidbits about Smashville, meanwhile the students at Westwood High were either in their fourth period class or grabbing themselves a bite to eat at lunch. Inside the honors biology classroom, the lights were dimmed down. Students were engrossed in their learning, jotting down notes while the teacher thoroughly explained the slides, even answering questions of those who were confused.

On the projection screen was the iconic scientific illustration of an ape slowly transitioning into man. Mr. Johnson was going over the theory of evolution, one of the many basic principles of biology. As he explained hominization as the evolutionary process which led to the emergence of anatomically modern humans, a blonde haired girl raised her hand up. Mr. Johnson tilted his head slightly and pointed towards her.

"Yes Sara?" he said.

"If humans came from monkeys," she began, "why are there still monks?"

Mr. Johnson titled his head as he raised a brow. His jaw opened slightly from the sudden question, trying his best to even answer such nonsense. It didn't help that Sara did this frequently, often trying to debate the theory of evolution by bringing up her faith out of nowhere. It was definitely uncalled for as it sometimes halted their lessons. Because of it, Mr. Johnson would issue her detention as an indication of trying to get her to behave.

A brown haired girl with a pixie cut quietly slapped her self, allowing her hand to drag onto her face, expressing annoyance at the absurd question, proceeding to sigh afterwards. This



was followed by a grunt from the dark angel who sat next to her. They usually found Sara's antics to be quite—well, asinine to say the least.

Sara's question in turn, caused another student to chime in.

"Yeah, how come monks still exist if humans derived from apes?" Pit asked. This in turn, caused Dark Pit to softly slam his head repeatedly on his desk at his brother's nativity.

Before Mr. Johnson could even answer, the door swung upon. Sun stepped inside the classroom, clutching onto his schedule in tow. He walked towards Mr. Johnson, showing him his schedule. While Mr. Johnson's attention was diverted towards the new student, Sara glanced over at Pit.

"So, what it like hanging around in heaven?" she said, being curious. While she was definitely popular due to her beauty at Westwood, her personality contradicted herself. Sara presented herself in a typical modest rich girl fashion yet her tone was often condescending, full of instant judgment hidden from within.

Pit lowered his brows in return, not even sure what Sara meant by her question. She failed to get it through her skull that neither Pit nor Dark Pit were *that* kind of angel.

"For the last damn time Sara," Dark Pit said, his voice rising with unwarranted irritation, "we're not that kind of angel. How many times do I have to go over this?!"

"Of course you're not," she shot back. "You're a fallen angel. A follower of the devil himself."

This in turn caused Dark Pit to roll his eyes at her genius—if one could even dub it as such. He wondered how Sara managed to even land in honors classes to begin with. Dark Pit suspected given her wealth that her parents must have had something to do with it. Rumor even had it the Osborne's bribed the teachers with hefty sums to give their precious sweet little angel (more like the living embodiment of Satan himself) straight A's with the addition of placing her in honors courses, all to make her permanent record more appealing. Unlike a certain rich family he knew, Sara was spoiled rotten to the core. As a matter of fact, she wore designer pumps worth over a thousand dollars.

As Mr. Johnson finished catching up Sun with the addition of handing him the syllabus, Sun motioned his way towards the empty seat next to Pit. On his way there, he caught a glimpse of Sara's notes. The first thing he read was about how atheists rule the country to the part where god walked into the classroom, wearing a robe alongside a bread like he always did apparently. He had to quickly compress himself from laughing. He couldn't believe she spent the entire time writing a short story in class.

*"What the fuck did I just walk into?"*

Little did Sun know, there was more in store than meets the eye in the city of Smashville.

and that is it for the first chapter. the second chapter will most likely touch up on more of the cast and have sun actually engaging with the angel twins.

while i plan on utilizing some elements from sun and moon, i might utilize some elements from ultrasun and ultramoon as well when it comes out.

i will be doing my own twist on sara osborne while still retaining her character. i have always wanted to add her character in a parody yet never could seize the change. while at it, just like in the final story, when she learns she is a lesbian, that does not necessarily mean she is a changed person. you can still learn that youre gay and be an complete asshole and just like the story, she will NOT feel any remorse for her previous actions.

as for other pairings, definitely expect hau/gladion in this. and of course, some stupid crack ones done as a means to poke fun at clickbait.

anyways before i go, i would like for you all to recommend me songs from your favorite videogame osts. it never hurts to get more song suggestions i can potentially utilize for this story.

and another question (this decides the outcome of chapter two): i want to kind of age up pittacus and perdix to at least age 10 to make the gap between them and the pit twins less awkward. note that these two will NOT be paired up at all so with that being said, throw me some personality traits for them while at it.

# Something's Off...

Chapter by [MerchantAnna](#)

## Chapter Notes

hello everyone! im back with another update.

anyways, i originally planned on introducing more of the cast in this chapter, however i realized all of the planning would make it 10k plus. i figured i might as well be nice and have the first few chapters not as long so sun will not be getting to know dark pit until the next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

~ Animal Crossing: New Leaf OST - 1 PM plays~

Sun stared at the slides emitting from the projector while Mr. Johnson continued to lecture about the theory of evolution. His mind began to drift off elsewhere. Sun tried his best to focus on the lecture yet personally, he felt his mother made him start school too early. Not once did he even get the chance to remotely relax after the eleven hour flight. After what felt like a few minutes of staring off into space, Sun decided to scope out his surroundings. The classroom was decorated with various posters relating to the subject, ranging from animal and plant biology to even basic science tips. The lab sinks were behind the desks near the cabinets which housed various equipment utilized for the lab assignments.

Before he knew, Sun's observation of the classroom interior was abruptly interrupted with the nudge of someone's pen repeatedly tapping his upper arm. Sun frowned slightly, wondering who was trying to garner his attention. He turned his head towards the direction of the perpetrator, coming face to face with a curious pair of blue eyes.

Pit greeted him with a small wave, beaming in delight. His eyes lit up as he leaned closer towards Sun, only to immediately flinch afterwards when their eyes made contact with one another. From there, Pit realized he was getting a bit too close in Sun's personal space. So in response, he backed away slightly.

"Sorry about that," Pit apologized sheepishly, rubbing the back of his head. "Anyways, what's your name? I'm Pit!"

Just from those words alone, Sun already knew Pit appeared to be extremely friendly—a bit too friendly for his taste. To him, it bordered between the lines of someone either potentially annoying or perhaps, a more unique spin on the socially awkward type. However, Sun quickly backtracked himself for a split second, realizing Pit might just be a really confident and open individual. To admit, Sun couldn't help but find Pit's name to be really peculiar.

“Uh, no offense but what kind of name is Pit anyways? Furthermore, why would anyone name their child that?” Sun questioned. He clearly meant no harm by his statement. Thankfully, Pit didn’t view it as such.

“Well,” Pit began, “to explain, my guardian found me and my brother inside a garbage pit as a baby. I know this sounds far-fetched, but it’s true.”

“And let me guess,” Sun said, his gaze moving towards Dark Pit. “Your guardian probably named your brother Pit two because the thought of twins having a similar name is cute apparently.”

Dark Pit perked up and growled lowly at the mention of his birth name. He quickly shot a nasty glare in Sun’s direction in response. Sun however, simply shrugged before turning his gaze back towards Pit. He seriously didn’t expect Dark Pit’s name to actually be Pittoo—it was just an estimated guess, one which he managed to guess right somehow.

“I’m not gonna lie, your guardian isn’t really creative when it came to naming both of you,” Sun remarked rather bluntly. He noticed Pit narrowing his gaze slightly, crossing his arms in the process.

“Hey! She tried her best,” Pit shot back. He turned his head in the opposite direction and closed his eyes for a moment while his lips curled upside down. Afterwards, he continued to glare at Sun, giving him a slight attitude in return for insulting his goddess. “Hmph, I bet your name is much more embarrassing than mine since you have yet to tell me it.”

Sun took a deep breath as he paused for a moment. Now that he thought about it, he realized he forgot to answer Pit’s question when the angel introduced himself.

*“Well, here it goes I guess...”*

“My name’s... Sun.” He hesitated a bit, knowing his name was just equally as silly as Pit’s. It was the entire reason he initiated such joke in the first place, even though Pit believed otherwise. Sun knew it would be extremely foolish to immediately make enemies, especially in a new town where he barely knew anybody.

Pit exchanged a taunting smirk as he crossed his arms yet again. “For someone who supposedly has the nerve to poke fun at other people’s name, your name isn’t very creative either!”

Sun felt a bit awkward as Pit stood silent. The next thing he knew, Pit’s frowned turned upside down as he snickered slightly. “Just kidding!”

At this point, Sun wasn’t sure if Pit managed to even process his joke or if he’s acting like he did to stay in the loop. There was no point in questioning him over something trivial, let alone actually bothering to ask if Pit knew if he was joking or not. Instead, Sun decided to go along with it, figuring that it was for the best.

“Phew, for a moment I didn’t think you’d realize I was just joking,” Sun said, smiling slightly. “Hopefully I didn’t come off as some kind of asshole for it. Anyways to explain my

goofy name, my mother went into labor early in the morning and gave birth to me during a sunrise.”

“So—I guess I can say that you’re her rising sun,” Pit replied, making a terrible pun. Sun chuckled a bit at it.

“Yeah, you can say that. So I guess this means we’re friends?”

“Of course!”

While the two boys conversed with one another, meanwhile Sara turned towards the girl next to her.

“Hey Riley, want to hit up Victoria’s Secret afterschool?” Sara asked. Unfortunately, before Riley could even give Sara her response, Mr. Johnson cleared his throat in agitation.

“Miss Osborne, would you please stop talking this instant. Your classmates are trying to learn,” Mr. Johnson said.

“But been Pit’s talking to that Asian kid for fifteen minutes now and yet you didn’t tell him to stop,” Sara complained. She grabbed a small chunk of her hair and began twirling it around in boredom. “I smell a strong sense of liberal bias in here.”

In turn, the short haired girl from earlier turned her head towards Sara and rolled her eyes. “Once again Sara, this has absolutely nothing to do with politics,” she stated. “Mr. Johnson is just telling you to be quiet so everyone else can learn.”

Predictably, Sara rolled her eyes in response. “Oh Becky, you’re just saying that because you’re a teacher’s pet!” Afterwards, Sara proceeded to shut her mouth for the remainder of the classroom, allowing Mr. Johnson to continue his lesson.

Eventually Mr. Johnson was able to wrap up his lecture on evolution without any more interruptions. He proceeded to turn off the projector before turning on the lights. Afterwards, he grabbed a stack of papers from his desk and faced the class.

“Alright, I want all of you to put away your notes and only have a pen or pencil on your desk. I will be handing out your Unit One test on the introduction to biology. If anyone is caught talking during the middle of the test or even cheating, I will take your test away and issue you an automatic zero. Remember to try your best and if you’re unsure about a question, skip ahead and answer it later. Anyways, I wish you all good luck.”

From there, Mr. Johnson preceded to hand everyone their unit one tests except for Sun. Instead, he pulled Sun over to the side of the classroom.

“Mr. Tanaka, since your transcript shows that you’ve already taken the test at your old school, you’re excused. I suggest you grab your belongings and get yourself acquainted with the campus in the meantime,” Mr. Johnson informed. He motioned his hand towards his face to adjust his glasses before heading back towards his desk.

Sun places his belongings inside his backpack before departing the classroom. He caught the door on his way out, allowing it to shut gently to prevent the noise from interrupting his classmates who were engrossed with their test.

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~ Animal Crossing: New Leaf OST - 7 PM plays~

Sun walked past random posters which were plastered all over the walls in the science building. There were advertisements to many clubs at the school, ranging from an anime club located in room N135, art club, drama club to even a gardening club. He stepped outside of the science building to begin exploring the Westwood campus.

He saw a ton of students near the cafeteria, figuring lunch two was now in session for those who had lunch after their fourth period class. Sun looked around the campus, noticing none of the buildings had faded paint. Instead, they were kept up with frequently to make the school look brand new as possible. While at it, there was a large field of grass nearby some trees next to the humanities building. As he continued to scope around the campus exterior, Sun heard a screech not too far from him.

Without thinking, Sun rushed over to the source of the cry. There stood a girl dressed in white in front of him, looking terrified at the scene in front of her. A trio of birds appeared to be circling something, swooping around and smacking it with their wings. It was only a matter of time until they were to grow bored and start pecking at whatever garnered their interests. Sun instantly recognized them to be Spearows and wondered how they stumbled onto campus grounds to begin with.

The girl noticed Sun staring as she slowly inched closer. “You...you have to help it! Please! Save Nebby!” she pleaded as terror seeped into her voice.

Sun didn’t have any choice—it was either let the Spearows harm this Nebby creature or walk away and disappoint the frightened girl. He wasn’t one to back away from a challenge so easily. Sun had no choice but to save Nebby from the claws of the aggressive bird Pokemon.

Taking a deep breath, Sun slowly inched towards the Murkrows, grabbing their attention. In turn, the spiteful birds caught site of his presence with one of them giving him a warning cry to back away. Despite the feeling of fear and worry consuming him, Sun continued to inch his way as he smiled. When he saw an opening, he took a giant leap and grabbed Nebby. In immediate response, Sun quickly dug through his pockets, finding a bag of animal crackers from the plane ride. He quickly tossed it to the side to divert the Spearows attention away from the other Pokemon. Luckily the Spearows noticed the bag and migrated away from both Nebby and the girl.

“Are you alright little guy?” Sun reassured, smiling down at the Pokemon in his arms. Overall, Nebby wasn’t like any other Pokemon’s he had ever seen before. For starters, its cloud-like body was a gradient of violet and blue, almost reminding him of a nebula. The girl rushed over to them.

~ Pokemon Sun & Moon – Lillie’s Theme plays ~

“Thank goodness you’re alright...” she said. She dusted off the tips of her dress before frowning at the expressive Pokemon in front of her. “You shouldn’t be running off like that Nebby! You’ve almost scared me.”

“Pew,” Nebby cried. It leaped into the girl’s arms and rested between them, letting out a soft coo. She smiled down at the Pokemon before looked up towards Sun. “Thank you for saving Nebby. Oh—I forgot to introduce myself, I’m Lillie!”

“Nice to meet you Lillie, I’m Sun,” he replied. Lillie was about to ask him something however hesitated. Instead, she noticed the time and gently placed Nebby inside her duffle bag.

“I’m sorry to leave so soon but I really need to get back to class!” With those words, Lillie quickly scurried away, leaving Sun puzzled for a minute. He shrugged in response, finding Lillie to be quite the interesting character before he continued exploring the campus.

Neither he nor Lillie knew a mysterious figure saw their interaction along with Nebby. A smirk formed upon their face, being pleased with what they witnessed. They pulled out their cellphone and quickly dialed. Shortly after, someone picked up.

“I have found the target.”

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~ Animal Crossing: New Leaf OST - 7 PM plays~

Sun continued his journey of exploring Westwood’s large campus. He stepped inside the office building as his eyes caught glimpse of the trophy case near the faculty break room. Curiosity immediately grabbed ahold of him, alluring Sun to inch over towards the plethora of trophies on display. The trophies neatly sat inside the glass case, allowing for anyone passing by to get a good glimpse at them. They were accompanied by small frames, hosting the photo of the winning teams inside. Sun quickly noticed the trophies were lined up in chronological order, ranging from the seventies to just last year. That information along intrigued him. He was astonished to learn despite the school being over twenty years old, how well the campus was taken care of.

After spending a few minutes observing the trophies, Sun moved onward towards the bulletin board next to it. The board was decorated with a plethora of old photos showcasing the many events they hosted throughout the years. It was almost as if Sun was taking a trip down memory lane. He observed the photos, seeing the students engage in activities ranging from volunteering at an animal shelter to a class field trip in Rome. While the board mainly consisted of photos and articles from positive experiences, there was however, one event which stood out from the rest.

“A prom night massacre,” Sun read out loud. He motioned his finger towards the article, barely touching the paper as he used it as a guide of some sort. Sun learned the unfaithful event took place in 199X. It had turned out the prom queen herself had brought a gun to prom in which she began to shoot randomly at her classmates after she won. To make matters much worse, the prom queen managed to take down half of the senior class to include one of the math teachers. Sun winced, almost as if he could hear the cries of various students fearing



they might not make it out alive. He found it awfully strange how such a tragic event managed to occur in the first place, given Westwood's clean track record.

Figuring it was best to move forward, Sun gradually stepped away from the bulletin towards the display next to it. The last thing he wanted was his mood plummet down the drain. There sat a sea of picture frames aligned neatly in a row in chronological order. Engraved under the photos were the names of individuals along with their accomplishments. Sun's eyes moved upward as the sign above read hall of fame. From those words alone, he guessed only those with the highest regards in the campus were showcased.

As Sun browsed through the hall of fame, he came to an abrupt halt when his eyes caught a glimpse of a particular photo. In front of him was the photo of a skeletal reptilian figure with fiery red hair and menacing eyes. Despite his frightening look, Sun couldn't help but rub his chin—he recognized the figure from somewhere yet he couldn't quite pinpoint where. The plaque embedded in the fame simply read Dry Bowser. Little did Sun know, while he tried to guess Dry Bowser's significance to the school (and elsewhere), a figure towered behind him.

"I see you're intrigued by the jack of all trades," they said, startling Sun in the process.

Sun took a step back before turning around, coming face to face with a rather strange platinum haired man. While he appeared to be poised and friendly even, deep down, Sun couldn't help but feel something eerily strange about him. The man's gaze was completely fixated on Sun as his lips curled.

"He held almost every job you could ever name," the man informed, smiling. "Believe it or not, he used to teach various sciences here at Westwood during the nineties."

Sun's jaw gapped slightly while his eyes lit up. While he definitely heard of Dry Bowser from various media outlets and talk shows, he didn't suspect for him to actually be residing in Smashville. Overall, Sun was very intrigued to hear about Dry Bowser, hoping he could actually meet him someday. The man immediately detected the excitement from the youth in front of him.

"Seems like Dry Bowser peaked your interests," the man teased, chuckling slightly.

"Speaking of Dry Bowser, he might actually make an appearance on Saturday evening. To emphasize, Westwood is hosting their annual reunion for the small class of 199X at seven." He paused for a moment before realizing something. He had yet to introduce himself to the new student. "Pardon me—where are my manners. I've been rambling off a storm the entire time yet I have yet to introduce myself to you. Anyways, the name's Klaus Howden, your school counselor."

"Nice to meet you Mr. How—" Sun was abruptly cut off by Klaus who held his finger near his mouth.

"Dr. Howden," Klaus corrected him nonchalantly. "If you ever feel like you're stressed out or need something to talk to, you can always come to—"

Antecedently, Klaus was cut off by a female toad.

“Dr. Howden, the faculty meeting’s about to start,” she reminded him. Klaus lifted up a brow and realized the female toad was exactly right. He turned to face Sun once more and bid him farewell before departing. As Sun watched Klaus vanish away from sight, he couldn’t help but find him to be quite odd however, nothing out of the ordinary seemed to stick out. Instead, he assumed the peculiar feeling he felt earlier was simply anxiety. Remembering how the other students were still taking their test in biology, Sun decided to continue exploring Westwood. Prior to his own knowledge, some happened to spy on his encounter with Klaus.

“I wouldn’t trust that man if I were you.”

~ Animal Crossing: New Leaf OST - 7 PM fades as Slimegirls - HEART ON WAVE plays~

Sun slightly jumped, turning his head first to the right and then to the left in search of the newest party member. Seeing no one in sight, Sun turned around, coming face to face with another angel which took him by complete surprise.

The angel in particular had his arms cross as not once did his azure eyes gaze away from Sun. His hairstyle looked oddly similar to Pit’s, the only difference being while Pit had brown hair, the other angel was blond. Sun could have sworn the angel in front of him had an extremely uncanny resemblance to Pit which was quite odd to say the least. The only thing which separated the two were their wing colors—Pit’s wings were white, meanwhile the other angel’s was green. He couldn’t help but ponder if the green-winged angel was connected to the angel twins in his class but he quickly brushed aside that thought. There was no point in interrogating someone he barely knew.

“Why?” Sun asked, predictably. He crossed his arms and allowed them to rest on his chest while tilting his head. The angel in front of him blinked for a slight moment, surprised to see Sun actually taking an interest in him.

“There’s something about that man that nobody else knows. Let’s just say I stumbled onto some freaky shit when I was inside his office one time,” he answered. He kept a straight face the entire time. Not once did the thought of the horrifying thing he supposedly encountered faze him. “Ever since I witnessed that thing, it’s been plaguing my mind you know? I just can’t stop thinking about it.”

There was a moment of awkward silence between the two while Sun rubbed his chin. From what he learned, it was blatantly obvious the Pit lookalike in front of him did stumble upon this by chance. But it was also evident that he had been seeing Klaus for some time now. For what reason—Sun knew it wasn’t his business to intrude on why the boy was even seeing Klaus in the first place. He glanced around the empty hallway in case there were nearby faculty members or even security nearby. Afterwards, he glanced over towards the angel.

“I’m Sun by the way,” he said, introducing himself. Sun figured he might as well get formalities out of the way first, and then dive in onto business.

“I’m Cloud,” the angel replied. From there, Cloud began walking upwards, gesturing for Sun to follow. Sun motioned forward and trailed behind Cloud. Not once did any of them exchange another word towards one another. This alone only made Cloud much more tense.

“So,” Cloud said, breaking the silence. “I take it you’re new here?”

“Y-yeah,” Sun replied quickly. “Believe it or not, I’ve just moved here today.”

“That’s interesting. Where did you come from originally?” Cloud turned towards his right while Sun continued to trail his every move.

“I was born in the Kanto region in Japan, however I mainly grew up in the Hawaiian island of Alola.” Sun stretched his shoulders to adjust his backpack.

“Oh that’s cool.” A grin formed upon Cloud’s lips. It was as if the conversation eased him. “I’ve been to Hawaii before a long time ago but only to Oahu.”

~ Quest 64 - Left House in the Forest plays ~

They eventually reached their destination as Cloud twirled his arm around and motioned towards the door. He raised his arm, telling Sun to stay put. Cloud looked back and forth just in case any security guards were nearby. Seeing that the coast was clear, he placed his hand on the door knob, hoping Klaus forgot to lock his office on the way out. Thankfully luck was in their favor. Cloud opened the door slowly and stepped inside. Sun followed after him, curious to see what was out of the ordinary in the counselor’s office.

Inside sat an array of various educational novels, neatly organized in chronological order. A desk sat nearby the window which was draped with velvet curtains. In the center of the room was an armchair and a chaise lounge along with a chestnut coffee table in the middle. So far Sun had seen nothing out of the ordinary. To him, it just looked like any other counselors office yet in turn, kept his mouth shut. Cloud trotted towards the center of the room.

“While this may look like any other office,” Cloud began, “that’s just what Dr. Howden wants you to think.”

Before Sun could even seize the chance to reply, Cloud placed his arm on the lamp and pushed it. Sun winced, already bracing himself for the worst however didn’t hear the sound of shattering ceramic. Instead, the lamp stopped at an angular position, causing Sun to tilt his head in bewilderment. All of the sudden, the room shook a little. The bookshelves near Klaus’s desk moved slightly, revealing a hidden door. Sun’s jaw dropped from the sight. He couldn’t believe his eyes. To think his hunch earlier about Klaus was correct all along was eerie.

“Open the door Sun,” Cloud said, pointing at it. Sun nodded in response as he inched towards it and placed his hand on the knob before opening the door. The only object he could make out inside was the dimly lit glow which emitted from a tank. He took out his cellphone and swiped towards the camera, using it to zoom in to get a better glimpse. Inside the tank rested a black-winged angel who exactly mirrored Dark Pit in terms of appearance with the only difference being their skin tones. While Dark Pit and his brother were more on the brown side, this dark being however, was white. Sun quickly closed the door. He was spooked by the random clone yet wondered why Klaus even had such a room inside to begin with.

*“Yeah, this guy is definitely up to something.”*

~Quest 64 - Left House in the Forest fades~

Sun backed away from the door while Cloud put everything back in place. The two stepped outside of the office (just in case Klaus came back early) and quickly scurried away to ward off suspicion. They stepped outside of the faculty building to see that neither lunch B nor fourth period had ended. Cloud was about to ask Sun something yet quickly hid behind the bushes nearby. Sun wondered if Cloud saw Klaus heading in their direction. He looked over to only notice what appeared to be a mixture of football players, cheerleaders and the social elite—in other words, the popular kids. They were highly focused on their conversation. Sun observed them from afar, noticing that two of the football players were angels.

Cloud continued to kneel behind the bush. Not once did he perk up to see if the group vanished from sight. Instead, he glanced towards Sun.

“Are they gone?” he asked.

“Yeah.”

~ Slimegirls - HEART ON WAVE plays~

A sigh of relief escaped Cloud’s lips as he arose from his spot and walked towards Cloud. Sun wondered what that was all about however, didn’t bother to question it. Instead, he was glad to see Cloud alright. Cloud dug through his pockets and pulled out his cellphone. He browsed through his photos until he managed to find the right one.

“Hey Sun,” he asked curiously.

“Yeah?” Sun wasn’t sure where Cloud was going with it. To admit, he found him to be a rather mysterious individual, one he barely knew anything about. Unlike Pit, it was quite difficult to read Cloud. He wasn’t able to predict what Cloud was bound to do next in comparison or his temperament even. So far, he struck him as someone who was hiding too much secrets. Cloud inched closely towards Sun and showed him his cellphone.

“Do you know happen to know this idiot by any chance?” Cloud asked. Sun observed the photo, instantly recognizing the figure to be Dark Pit.

“Yeah. He’s in my biology class—why’d you ask?” Sun took a deep breath and sighed. He hadn’t even been on campus for an hour and already he was getting involved in some strange events.

“I know it’s kinda weird to ask someone you just met a favor but if you see him, can you please tell him what you saw in Dr. Howden’s office?” Cloud paused for a moment and swallowed. “If he asks who told you, please don’t mention my name to him.”

“And why’s that?” Sun found it strange that Cloud was using him to be an errand boy. He wondered why couldn’t Cloud tell Dark Pit or even Pit for that matter himself.

“Let’s just say it’s complicated. This goes for both him and his brother,” Cloud answered flatly. He rubbed the back of his head sheepishly as he bit his lip. “Anyways, I gotta go now.

It was nice talking to you.”

~ Slimegirls – HEART ON WAVE fades~

The two waved towards one another before Cloud took off. As Sun watched him depart, he couldn't help but noticed something as Cloud's sleeves rose up for a slight moment. Sun spotted a rough bruise on Cloud's wrist. While it may appear natural far away, Sun however noticed something—the bruise in fact, wasn't caused by an simple accident. It was almost as if someone forcefully grabbed Cloud in attempt to prevent him from fleeing. Before Sun had the chance to place the pieces of the puzzle, he was startled by a familiar face.

~ Lovely Yellow Va-Va-Vrooms - Kirby Planet Robobot plays~

“Hi Sun!” Pit happily greeted. Sun shrieked slightly as he stepped backwards. Realizing his mistake, Pit chuckled nervously. “Sorry about that. Oh yeah before I forget—would you like to hang out with me and my friends after school? We can show you around Smashville.”

“Sure! I'd love that.” Sun smiled, not bothering to ask why Pit was out of class to begin with. Instead, he was glad he made a new friend along the way. If Pit was his ticket to warning Dark Pit about the sudden clone, then so be it! For now, he felt like getting to know Pit better was the best choice.

## Chapter End Notes

our heroes will fully engage with each other in the next chapter which won't be out for a while. do expect a silly halloween special to appear on halloween day itself or sometime near it.

- cloud angelos looks like pit because he is parodying a character from a trollfic who is just a pit recolor, hence his uncanny resemblance to him.

i've done this before in the past so i'm going to do it again. here's a chapter list of what to expect for the first few chapters (this will help me keep on track as well). note that some of these titles are pending.

chapter 3: a new challenger approaches? (a parody of her finale smash from mishonh from god)

chapter 4: team skull takes over the smash mansion

chapter 5: class reunion

chapter 6: palutena's punishment

chapter 7: dark pit vs pit2

feel free to speculate on what the chapters might be about along with cloud's secret. anyways since they don't appear until the third chapter, you can still comment personality traits for pittacus and perdix.



# A Very Spooky Mini Special

Chapter by [MerchantAnna](#)

## Chapter Notes

happy belated halloween everyone! i am here with the halloween special or rather a day late. i planned on uploading it yesterday but lets just say i was busy that day. it took longer because i had various ideas, ranging from one similar to the king of the hill halloween episode where the christain woman gets halloween canceled but then figured that one would take much more effort. since i wanted it to resemble the early chapters of the first story (the really dumb lazy ones), i decided to do something much more simple instead.

anyways, warning- this special is really dumb and i tried to make it as a homage to the bizarre specials which can be found in the first story.

this isn't canon to the story as it is just done for fun but it does introduce pittacus and perdix as ten year olds. they will be getting a proper introduction in the third chapter right away.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

### ***Halloween night six years ago...***

*Pit ran aimlessly through Palutena's temple. His chin was up high, his smile wide and not once did he glance back. His wings gently fluttered while he rapidly moved his arms in a repetitive motion. He couldn't believe it! The day he anticipated the most had finally arrived! Not too long ago, Pit managed to triumph over Medusa and the Underworld army, saving Angel Land from peril. Since then, his caretaker Palutena bestowed upon him her greatest gift—being the captain of her guard. Despite only being eight, Pit was definitely much tougher than he looked.*

*While he was up for upholding many tasks under his goddess, today however, wasn't that day. Instead, Pit's mind was preoccupied with one thing and one thing only; Halloween. Not only did the holiday give him and his brother an excuse to dress up, it gave him something to look forward to every year—endless piles of assorted candies. Pit would often trade the ones he disliked to Dark Pit despite his brother refusal to give into his silly trades.*

*Little did Pit know, his brother had been feeling under the weather as of late. Despite all signs leading to the possibly of Palutena omitting him from getting delicious goodies this year, Pit was hopeful. He clutched tightly onto his giant pillowcase and made haste towards Palutena's chamber. This year he was dressed up as a pirate.*



*Pit reached over and twisted the doorknob slowly. The slight creaking noise it gave out alerted Palutena of her newly appointed captain's presence. She turned her head towards Pit's direction, exchanging a soft smile before it transitioned into a worrisome frown. Pit stood silent, trying to grasp what Palutena was trying to tell him. Part of him knew the outcome of possibly going trick-or-treating this year was slim to none.*

*"Lady Palutena," Pit said, fiddling with his pillowcase. "Are we going trick-or-treating this year?"*

*Palutena's expression only darkened further. She shook her head and looked down at the ground. "I'm afraid not Pit. Your brother has a bad fever and it wouldn't be fair if he didn't get to go."*

*Pit's shoulders lowered while his jaw slightly gaped open. He couldn't believe what Palutena told him. His wings stopped flapping and motioned downwards to correspond with Pit's mood. He needed to think of a plan and quick! Pit began tapping the side of his cheek, trying his best to figure out a way to make Palutena reconsider.*

*"But Lady Palutena!" Pit pleaded, frowning. "Please let me go trick-or-treating at least in Skyworld! I'm capable of handling myself remember? I was the one who defeated Medusa! Please, please, please let me go—I promise to get enough candy for both me and Pittoo!"*

*Palutena watched Pit go down on his knees and linked his hands together, shaking them near his chin. She stood silent, her gaze focused on the wall in front of her. After a minute of two, her expression softened, receiving a sigh of relief from Pit.*

*"Alright, I will allow it however only on one condition," Palutena said, adjusting her position. "You are only allowed to go trick-or-treating in Skyworld only. Once you're finished, you are to return."*

*Pit nodded eagerly as he beamed wide. With those words, the young angel took off, rushing through the palace and out the main entrance. Before he fully vanished away from sight, Palutena ordered a couple of centurions to keep a watchful eye on Pit at all times. Not once should they divert their gaze away from their captain.*

*Throughout the evening, Pit received tons of candy from friends and neighbors alike. They were extremely thankful for his selfless deeds as well as for saving their beloved goddess. As Pit's small yet humble journey came towards the end, he couldn't help but ponder about something. Once in a blue moon, Pit felt like getting greedy. He had recalled Palutena taking both him and Dark Pit down to the surface to receive more candy.*

*Deep down, the thought of Dark Pit missing out on this year's trick-or-treating saddened him. Feeling the need to really make Dark Pit's Halloween night, Pit decided to scavenge for the portal which linked the two worlds together. He quickly leaped towards the bushes in hopes of diverting the gaze of wandering centurions. Pit had figured Palutena would send some to keep a watchful eye over him while she took care of her other precious angel.*

*After a few minutes of hiding between various bushes and other blooming plant life, Pit finally arrived at the portal gates. He looked back and forth for signs of wandering*

*centurions. Seeing how they were none in sight, Pit made a break for it. His small moved as fast as they could. Not once did his grip loosen on his pillowcase. Once he arrived, Pit stepped inside and soon disappeared in a flash.*

*Surprisingly enough, while he continued his trick-or-treating endeavors, not once did anyone question his lack of parental supervision. Overall, Pit earned more candy than he could even chew that spooktacular night.*

*As the night crept on further, Pit noticed the once bustling streets were now barren. The only thing he heard was the sound of the wind which journeyed westward, causing the fickle tree branches to fiddle a somber tune. Porch lights gradually vanished one by one, leaving Pit to be the only child outside. He began to frantically shiver from the chilly breeze which embraced his skin.*

*At first, Pit was frightened before realizing he wasn't like the other children. After all, he did manage to escape from the Underworld and climbed his way up to challenge Medusa. To break the silence, Pit hummed a merry little tune as means of calming himself down. While he began to head towards the portal, unfortunately, Pit wasn't alone.*

*A set of menacing eyes leered at Pit from the sewers. Seeing how he was the perfect bait, the daunting figure couldn't help but grin darkly.*

*"Psst—hey kid," the figure called out to Pit. "Come over here!"*

*Pit jumped slightly from the sudden voice as his happy little tune ceased. He clutched onto the almost full pillowcase, frantically glancing in all directions.*

*"Hey kid, over here!" the figured called out once again. Pit finally found the source of the voice, coming face to face with what appeared to be a clown in the sewers. His eyes widened from the horrifying sight. He recalled bits and pieces of that particular horror film Palutena watched one time which scared him. He couldn't quite remember the title of the film yet Pit's intuition warned him to stay far away as possible. His brows lowered as Pit narrowed his gaze towards the odd clown.*

*"I'm not stupid!" Pit called out, slowly taking a few steps back. "You're Pennywise the clown!"*

*The sewer clown paused for a slight moment, being caught off-guard by Pit's respond. Afterwards, he proceeded to chuckle. "Hate to break it to ya kid but Pennywise is a fictional character from a Stephen King novel. My name's Bobo the clown. I'm nothing like Pennywise. As a matter of fact, I have some candy with me."*

*"Really?" Pit's mood lightened up at first yet he was still skeptical about Bobo. Just why in the world would a kind clown reside in the sewers anyways? Wouldn't he be better off hanging out at the carnival or the circus even? None of this seemed to add up. "If you're a nice clown then why are you in the sewers?"*

*"Sewer clowns exist kid," Bobo answered casually. "So, do you want some candy or not? I even have a king-sized Hershey bar."*

*Without a second thought, Pit slowly walked towards the storm drain. He was eager to see what kind of candy Bobo had. Prior to his own knowledge, Bobo's scary grin grew wider, his eyes twinkling in delight as Pit inched closer. Soon enough when Pit came within arm's reach, Bobo growled ferociously, aiming for Pit's feet.*

*A high-pitched shriek escaped Pit's lips, causing the angel to immediately storm the other way, pillowcase in tow. Unfortunately, Bobo accelerated in speed as he trailed behind Pit. Eventually Pit came to a dead end as his back lied against the wall. His heart was beating fast, his body temperature rose from the sudden adrenaline rush before coming to a complete stop. Pit tried his best to move yet to no avail, he was completely frozen. His entire body felt like jello while his arms were sore from the weight of his pillowcase.*

*Bobo's nails grew long and sharp, causing Pit to flinch in response. As the killer sewer clown was about to strike the helpless angel, another figure rushed in and tackled Bobo with full force. Hearing Bobo cry out in slight pain made Pit open his eyes, seeing his rescuer was none other than Ronald McDonald.*

*"I will not let you lay your filthy hands on this child!" Ronald said heroically. Not once did the McDonald's mascot's stance falter. Bobo screeched, dashing straight at Ronald, getting ready to slash at him. Ronald quickly stepped to the side and kicked Bobo in the back. Soon after, he crouched down and linked both of his hands together before opening his palms.*

*"Kame-hame-HAAAAA!" Ronald screamed. A huge ball of light-blue energy formed on Ronald's palms before he released it. It swerved towards Bobo the clown, giving the menacing monster zero time to even react. When the Kamehameha wave struck Bobo, Ronald quickly summoned a card which began sucking Bobo inside with the force of a tornado.*

*"I'll get my revenge on you little angel brat!" Bobo cried out before meeting his doom. When Bobo's presence was no more, Ronald walked towards Pit, knelt down and gently placed his hand on Pit's shoulder.*

*"Are you alright?" he asked. Pit beamed wide and bobbed his head in response. Ronald's lips curled as he conjured a special gift just for Pit—a happy meal! Pit cheered and hugged Ronald before heading back to Skyworld.*

### ***Halloween night six years later...***

Halloween casually crept around the corner towards the end of October. Pit heavily anticipated the holiday because one, it meant free candy and two, the day after he could use his money to purchase discounted Halloween candy. In short, Pit would end up having an endless supply for candy for a good while—that was if he could try to restrain himself from gobbling it up in a short amount of time. Dark Pit on the other hand, began to feel that he was simply too old for the spooky holiday. Sure it meant free candy yet another part of him felt that trick-or-treating should be left to the younger children. Deep down, Dark Pit did enjoy Halloween—not like he would ever admit that though.

This year however was going to be much more fun. After going trick-or-treating with their friends, the Pit twins were going to head on over for Mallow's Halloween party. Surprisingly, Dark Pit was actually looking forward to the party despite not being much of a social

butterfly to begin with. While Pit rummaged through the costume pile because Palutena insisted on twins wearing matching costumes garnered more candy, meanwhile Icarus and Palutena were getting ready for a night out themselves.

Rumor had it Master Hand was hosting a twenty-one and up Halloween party at the Smash Mansion. Dark Pit browsed through the internet, seeing people posting their costumes up on Facebook while Pit finally found the perfect costume.

“Hey Pittoo, let’s go as the characters from *Ducktales*. I’ll be Scrooge McDuck and you can be Flintheart Glomgold,” Pit suggested cheerfully.

“I think I’ll pass,” Dark Pit answered in a flat tone. It was highly evident to Pit that he was uninterested. If he gave in right away, he could already picture Pit trying to attempt a Scottish accent. He recalled how Pit had an odd habit of really getting into character on Halloween and it bugged him endlessly. Not to mention Pit was very annoying in general however, even more so during Halloween.

“Hmm—how about Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy?” Pit said, holding up their respective costumes.

“Um no.”

“Darkwing Duck and Launchpad McQuack?” Pit wasn’t giving up. He was bound to find the right costume for them to duo this year.

“Nope.” Dark Pit shook his head in annoyance and sighed.

“Anna and Elsa from *Frozen*?”

“Not only no, but hell fucking no,” Dark Pit shouted. He grimaced at the thought of being dressed as Elsa. While he certainly had no objection to dressing up as female characters, let alone clothes labeled as feminine, Dark Pit despised that film with a burning passion.

Around ten minutes later, the angel twins were finally able to settle down on a costume. Pit was going as a black mage while Dark Pit was going as a white mage from the Final Fantasy series. It was the most neutral option they had this year in terms of characters where they were able to just be themselves and for Dark Pit’s sanity, Pit wouldn’t be able to LARP tonight thankfully. They grabbed their bags and rushed downstairs. Before they were out the door, Palutena stopped them. It appeared she and Icarus wore matching costumes as well, with Palutena going as a magical assistant while Icarus was going as a magician.

“Boys, I would like it if you two took your little brothers out trick-or-treating,” Palutena said. This in turn caused Pit to frown slightly while Dark Pit rolled his eyes.

“Seriously green mom?!” he questioned. “Can’t gramps take them out instead?! You know we were invited to a party tonight yet you decide to pull this shit anyways.”

Palutena wagged her finger in front of his face. “Language Pittoo—and for your information, your grandfather is passing out candy. Besides, it’ll be fun! While I understand the

importance of hanging out with your friends, you should really bond more with your baby brothers.”

“But Lady Palutena,” Pit chimed in.

“No buts Pit,” she quickly replied. “Trust me, it’ll be fun! I’m pretty sure your friends wouldn’t mind if you brought them along to the party as well.”

“Newsflash, they’re *ten*,” Dark Pit reminded Palutena nonchalantly. “I’m not going to bring some stupid ten year olds to a party full of teenagers.”

“Then I guess you have no choice but to tell your friends you two can’t make it,” Palutena said sternly. She didn’t want to continue arguing with Dark Pit. Icarus just glanced at her.

“Aren’t you being a bit too harsh on them?” Icarus said, bringing up a valid point.

“It’s called being tough but fair.” Palutena wasn’t going to give up. She knew her punishment was unfair yet didn’t want to let her pride down.

“It’s called unjust parenting,” Ourias chimed in from the kitchen. He was setting up the candy bowl as he heard their conversation. “Just let them take their brothers out, drop them off and go to the party.”

“Fine.” Palutena grumbled a bit and crossed her arms. She couldn’t believe that everyone in the house was going against her, the Goddess of Light. Pit and Dark Pit sighed in relief, meanwhile Pittacus and Perdix finally went downstairs. The younger set of angel twins were dressed up as Cuphead and Mugman. Palutena gushed at their mere presence, given that unlike Pit and Dark Pit, she was their biological mother.

“You two look so adorable!” she exclaimed. Palutena rushed over and hugged her little angels. “Kid, come over here and take our picture!”

Icarus took out his iPhone X and took their picture. Afterwards, Palutena decided to take a picture with the Pit twins—much to Dark Pit’s dismay—and last but not least, a picture with all four of the younger angels together. Honestly with the damn price of an iPhone X one can buy the entire set of Kirby games ever released, four Nintendo Switches or even save it for more usual things.

After a couple of more picture sessions, Palutena told them all to be on their best behavior before departing with Icarus. Dark Pit took out his cellphone and dialed Toon Link’s number. Thankfully Toon Link picked up right away.

“Hey Pittoo? Sup?” he greeted.

“I have unfortunate news. Pit-stain and I won’t be able to trick-or-treat with you and everyone else because the green-haired floozy wants us to take our little brothers out instead,” Dark Pit informed him. While he still hated his legal name, Dark Pit was starting to come into terms with having such a silly name.

“Aw, that sucks,” Toon Link replied. He paused for a moment before adding on. “My little sister’s going with her friends this year, I’m surprised Palutena didn’t allow them to do the same.”

“They’re homeschooled,” Dark Pit reminded him. “Anyways, I’ll probably see you, Lucas and the others at Mallow’s.”

The two exchanged their farewells before Dark Pit glanced over at Pittacus and Perdix before looking over to Pit.

“We might as well take these two out before it gets real dark.”

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The neighborhoods were filled with various costumed trick-or-treaters as they got candy. Just like Palutena told them, their matching twin costumes managed to get them extra. Thankfully the task of intruding house to house for candy managed to go by quickly. Eventually the Pit twins along with their uncanny lookalikes arrived home.

Pittacus and Perdix began to sort through their candy.

“So far I got five Hershey bars, six Reese’s and some Snickers,” Pittacus said, digging through his bag before glancing over to his brother. “You?”

“Five Kit-kats, four Milkyway bars, three M&M’s bags and spaghetti,” Perdix answered. His voice dropped on the last one, being confused onto why Fat Mario and Luigi from Hotel Mario insisted on giving everyone spaghetti this year.

“Who the hell even gives out spaghetti on Halloween?” Dark Pit questioned. He took out the other peculiar objects from his bag which consisted of a rotisserie chicken from a grocery store, a cookie in the shape of a penis, a Christmas crossword puzzle, ketchup packets from Burger King, a Doctor Rabbit DVD, toiletries, a crappy Olive Garden salad, and some business cards.

“Scratch that—who gives out odd stuff out to trick-or-treaters anyways?” Pit added. He was grossed out by the penis shaped cookie as he tossed a candy bar at his younger brothers in exchange for their inappropriate cookies. After he obtained them, Pit proceeded to throw them in the trash. Dark Pit trashed his afterwards.

“Weirdoes,” Pittacus answered. He shoved his candy back into the bag before leaning on his stomach. “Before you guys go, do you have any scary stories?”

“Yeah, I got one,” Dark Pit replied. “As a matter of fact, I got several short ones?”

Perdix perked up. “Ooh—what are they?”

“One is two words—student loans.”

“Ooh, ooh!” Pittacus raised his hand up high, waiting for his older brother to call on him. “Would our president be another?”

“Yes! Yes he would,” Dark Pit answered.

“What about creepypasta?” Perdix asked curiously.

“Don’t you mean creepypasta? Those are completely stupid.” Dark Pit found them to be a complete waste of time, not to mention the ones that tried their hardest to ruin childhood shows as edgy. Before he could emphasize his answer, the sound of the doorbell caught him off-guard. Dark Pit arose from his seat and went to answer it. His gaze narrowed when he just saw Cloud.

“And what does your ass want?” he said flatly.

“Can’t I just say hi?” Cloud responded casually. Dark Pit wanted to punch the signature smirk off his face yet deemed it useless. “I couldn’t help but overhear you guys telling scary stories and I just wanted to share one with your awkward recolo—I mean little brothers.”

Dark Pit crossed his arms. There was no way he was letting Cloud inside and second, he wondered where his grandfather was before recalling Ourias telling them he was heading out to Wal-Mart to get something. “Okay, share.”

“So,” Cloud began, “this horror story actually takes place two years ago. So six idiots saw the minimalist logo to a store in the mall and thought Hot Topic changed. On top of them, their dumbass leader formed a stupid gang called the—“

Dark Pit shoved Cloud into the bushes and slammed the door on his face, informing him that his presence wasn’t allowed. Pittacus and Perdix stared at their older brother with curious eyes.

“What about this gang?” Perdix asked innocently. Dark Pit took a deep breath and sighed. There were some things he wanted to keep away from his younger brothers, granted they were much more innocent than he and Pit. He didn’t want them to learn of the giant fiasco which took place two years ago.

“It’s nothing. Angelos is just being a dick,” Dark Pit replied with slight annoyance.

“Oh.” Pittacus paused for a moment before turning towards Pit. “Hey Pit? Do you know any scary stories?”

“Just one,” Pit exclaimed. He tilted his head and began to think. “It took place about six years ago. I was trick-or-treating on the surface world and ran into a sewer clown inside the storm drain. The whole ordeal kinda reminded me of Steven Kang’s *It* in a strange sense.”

“Don’t you mean Stephen King’s *It*? Last time I recall, I don’t know who Steven Kang is—wait, this is coming from the guy who thought *The Count of Monte Cristo* was called *The Count of Monte Crisco*,” Dark Pit said, snickering at the last part.

Pit shot a glare in Dark Pit’s direction before presuming on with his story. “Anyways, this clown was named Bobo and he tried to kill me. Just as I was cornered, Ronald McDonald



came to my rescue and sealed Bobo. Believe it or not, this is something that actually happened to me.”

“You’re full of shit Pit-stain? Ronald McDonald, a fucking fast food mascot saving you? What’s next, the Hamburglar robs us? You’ve got to be joking.” Dark Pit rolled his eyes from the absurd story. “Anyways, you two should be getting ready for bed while Pit-stain and I should start heading out towards—“

Before Dark Pit could even finish, the power suddenly went out. He wondered what the hell was going on as neither him or Pit showed any emotion whatsoever. Pittacus and Perdix on the other hand, were scared.

“Pittoo, we’re going outside. Tack and Perdix, please stay inside and do let anyone inside. We’ll text you when we want to come in,” Pit told them sternly. The younger twins nodded frantically while Pit and Dark Pit stepped outside. They noticed that only the power to their house was out as Dark Pit figured it was just faulty electricity. The next thing they knew, the sound of shattering glass accompanied by the noise of two shrieking children were heard. Pit rushed over and noticed the twins were missing!

“Oh no, oh no,” Pit muttered, “this can’t be happening.”

“I swear to god, I hope that fucker Cloud better not being playing a trick on us.” Dark Pit cracked his knuckles, ready to beat the shit out of Cloud if he was the perpetrator.

“Pittoo... I don’t think this is the work of Cloud,” Pit told him. “I think Bobo is finally out to get his revenge on me.”

“You’re fucking serious!? Please tell me you’re joking—wait, you’re actually serious.” Dark Pit couldn’t believe it. First he had to take his little brothers out trick-or-treating and now this crap. What’s next, Captain Falcon’s punch finally wearing off on the Alfac duck from two years ago? Or a Wombatman reboot?

Pit’s expression remained serious. The only thing on his mind was rescuing his little brothers and taking care of that mean clown. He wasn’t the small child he used to be—now he was highly respected warrior and Palutena’s captain of the guard. Not once did he speak. Instead, he ushered for Dark Pit to follow him.

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Meanwhile somewhere near both the Smash Mansion and Mallow’s house, Bobo tied up both Pittacus and Perdix. The two small angels were scared out of their mind, crying for their mother. He could have easily killed them yet he wanted to get rid of the angel called Pit first. Thankfully, his bait had arrived as Pit and Dark Pit were side by side.

“I know you kidnapped them,” Pit exclaimed. Dark Pit realized neither of them came prepared with a weapon.

“Wait, that story was actually fucking real?! Anyways—I hate to be that guy Pit-stain but you forgot your own weapon.... Idiot,” Dark Pit said, informing him. Pit didn’t react to his insult.

Instead, a guitar appeared out of nowhere and he grabbed it. Shortly after Pit started playing the guitar, an oddly catchy melody, which made them dance like an old fast food commercial.

“McDonald’s is the place to rock,” Pit began. “It is a restaurant where they buy food to eat. It is a good place to listen to the music. People flock here to get down to the rock music.”

Both Bobo and Dark Pit were confused. Meanwhile Pittacus and Perdix stopped crying when they saw their older brothers had arrived to save them.

Soon, Pit started to sing loudly off key.

“ROCK N ROLL MCDONALD’S, ROCK N ROLL MCDONALD’S, ROCK N ROLL MCDONALD’S, ROCK N ROLL MCDONALD’S,” Pit sang. He was really getting into the melody as he bobbed his head. Dark Pit on the other hand, covered his ears.

“What kind of fucking song is this?!” he questioned. Pit however, didn’t answer. It was almost as if he was trying to signal or perhaps, summon an old friend.

“McDonald’s will make you fat,” Pit said, starting the second verse of the song. “They serve Big Macs, they serve quarter-pounders, they will put pounds on you.”

From there, Pit proceeded to sing loudly off key once again. Bobo couldn’t take it anymore. He went to kill the young angels but out of nowhere, Ronald McDonald showed up. His appearance alone caused Dark Pit’s jaw to drop.

“I should have known to kill you six years ago,” Ronald exclaimed. He began to channel all of his energy while Pit continued singing loudly off key. Soon enough, Ronald McDonald became a super saiyan! His red curly hair was now golden yellow as he glowed. He flew over towards the evil clown and punched him repeatedly. After that, he launched another Kamehameha wave, this time killing Bobo off for good. From there, Ronald turned back to normal and snapped his fingers, freeing the younger angel twins, repairing their house and of course, giving them some McDonald’s.

From there, Dark Pit decided he should have gone with Palutena’s suggestion in the first place and took Pittacus and Perdix to the party. Surprisingly, Mallow didn’t seem to mind and allowed them to come inside.

“I swear I just heard that Rock n Roll McDonald’s song earlier,” Sun exclaimed. He was confused as all hell but who wouldn’t be.

“Let’s just say it’s a long story,” Dark Pit said. Soon after, he offered him a French fry. Turns out, Halloween this year didn’t suck after all.

the third chapter wont be coming out till a long while. anyways, hope you all had a good halloween!

ps. super mario odyssey is super fun!

pps. forgot to mention that icarus's birthday is coming up (11/5). i almost forgot i gave the non-canon variation of pit the release date to the non-canon gameboy ki game as his birthdate.

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